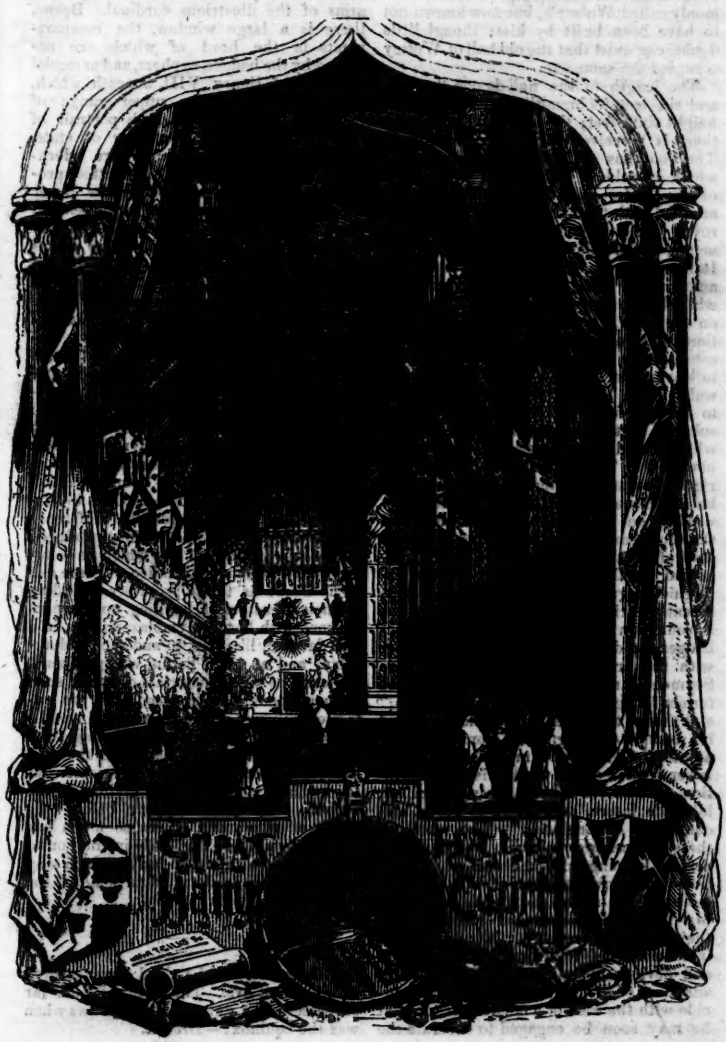
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 19.] SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1846. [VOL. I, 1846.



PRICE 2d. NO. 1317.—VOL. XLVII.

GREAT HALL, HAMPTON COURT.

No doubt many of our readers will be shortly indulging in the agreeable amusement of spring and summer visits to the several outskirts of London. We propose to offer them some slight guide to these pleasures. To begin, we give them a view of the Great Hall of Hampton Court, commonly called Wolsey's, but now known not to have been built by him; though little doubt can exist that the old hall of Wolsey occupied the same site.

The length of the hall is one hundred and six feet, its breadth forty feet, and its height sixty feet; the beauty of its proportions is perceived at once on entering it. The roof has a lightness and symmetry which is seldom to be found in buildings of the Tudor gothic style: the ceiling is adorned with the arms and devices of the royal builder, and with pendant ornaments, which affords good evidence that the Italian taste had already found admission amongst us. The windows of the hall, of which there are seven on one side and six on the other, are beautiful in their proportions, and are most judiciously placed at a considerable height above the floor, so as to leave room for the lower part of the walls to be hung with tapestry, and also to throw a fulness of light, ample, but yet subdued, into this magnificent chamber, which could not otherwise have been obtained. The seventh window on the right hand as you enter the hall, is omitted, but its place is supplied by a beautiful bay window on the dais, which extends from the roof nearly to the floor, thus pouring a flood of light upon that part of the hall occupied by the princely owner and his distinguished guests. This window has been recently enriched and ornamented by the introduction of the arms, initials, and other badges and devices of Henry VIII, together with the arms and mottoes of lady Jane Seymour, and the cardinal. That of the former being "Bown'd to obey and serve;" and that of the latter, with which is joined his complete insignia, "Dominus mihi adjutor,"—The Lord is my helper. On the lower portion of the window is this inscription, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, cardinal, legat de latere, archbishop of Yorke, and chancellor of Englande." The whole of these devices and mottoes, which are in perfect keeping with the ancient decorations and arrangements of the hall, are modern, and reflect the highest credit on Mr. Willement, the talented artist by whom they have been executed. Mr. W. has also introduced the following emblazonments and devices in stained glass, into other windows of the hall, and we entirely coincide with the wish of a talented writer, that he may soon be engaged to decorate the remaining window in a similar manner. The two small windows in the gable at the west end of the hall, are adorned with the arms of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, those of the lord Thomas Docra, prior of the order, by whom the lease of the manor of Hampton Court was granted to Wolsey, together with the arms of the archbishopric of York, and the private arms of the illustrious cardinal. Below, there is a large window, the compartments in the head of which are occupied by the badges, cyphers, and armorial bearings of Henry VIII, beneath which, in the centre of the upper range of lights, is placed a full-length portrait of that monarch, under a canopy of state, and the sides of this range are adorned with the arms, devices, and mottoes proper to his six queens, while the lower range displays in beautiful arrangement, the arms, encircled by the garter, of Edward VI, queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, with their mottoes, devices, and badges. Great judgment has been shown in the selection and arrangement of these various decorations, and the usual fault of introducing pictorial representations is entirely avoided. The floor of the hall has a cold and comfortless appearance, and is besides entirely at variance with the recognised accompaniment of a gothic hall of the Tudor period. It was once laid "with paynted tyle ypaved with poynttyich point after other," and the sooner this kind of pavement is restored, the sooner will all the portions of the hall be brought to harmonise together. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the effect produced by the new banners of silk which have superseded those made of calico. There can be no doubt as to the propriety according to ancient custom of hanging up banners adorned with heraldic emblazonments, in a hall devoted, like this, to audience and revelry; and as little doubt, we apprehend, can exist as to the materials of which such banners should be composed; but the extreme brilliancy of the colours and metals, is no doubt, at present, a disadvantage, and is, to some extent, displeasing to the eye. This, however, as well as the somewhat too brilliant colouring and gilding of the corbels, &c., will disappear before the touch of time; and where so much has been done well, we find little inclination to find failures with small faults, which may here and there be detected in some of the subordinate details.

The number of the dead far exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?—*Browne.*

THE RED HAND.

A Tale of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MEET ON THE WATERS.

About a hundred yards up the course of the Bayou St. Jean is an opening, surrounded on all sides by thickly overhanging trees, through which the moon pierced here and there, casting a fitful light upon the waters. The gentle wind having but force enough to reach the summits of the trees, left the surface of the little lake perfectly smooth—so still was it, it looked a sheet of molten silver, while here and there a straggling fish made a sudden leap, and caused a disturbance of the previous quiet. A screeching night owl, making evil melody, sat on the top of a tree, the only living being within hearing or sight.

Presently, however, the solitude and stillness of the place was disturbed by the dipping sound of paddles. It was a boat descending the bayou; and coming forth into the open space, proved to be that of the Red Hand, with Luke Salem as an unwilling companion. Properly to understand what follows, it must be mentioned that the events now occurring took place one hour after the tap at the governor's door, and two after the announcement of the Monk in the boudoir of the heroine of this eventful history.

The Red Hand alone managed the canoe, while the spy remained perfectly still in the bottom of the boat, planning continually an escape from the very unpleasant position into which he had brought himself, in the exercise of his very disgraceful avocation. Now and then an ejaculation of surprise or annoyance would burst from him, as if he could scarcely repress his desire to fall upon the man who occupied the part of his guardian, while prudence suggested that he would be more wise to forbear.

"Well, Injun, I do conclude you will ind this 'are journey some time or other. I'm hungry, and I reckon nature won't stand it over much longer."

"White man," said the native chief, "trouble not thyself so much upon thy stomach. An Indian is not hungry; let the pale face be quiet also."

"Now that riles me," exclaimed the downeaster. "Because you have no appetite it follows that I must have none. If you would but just tell me where we are going to—"

"Hush," said the Indian, suddenly, "we are not alone."

A gentle motion of the paddle, simultaneous with his exclamation, gave the canoe an impulse, which in a few moments carried it beneath the shadow of a graceful pecan bush, where without an effort the practised boatman brought his craft to a perfect stand still. Then raising his rifle, and looking to the priming, the native remained calm and motionless watching the progress of events. Scarcely had the quick witted Chichachas contrived thus to conceal his proximity, when a boat manned by six men pulled swiftly into the interior of the little bay, and having attained the centre, was suddenly arrested in its progress. The oarsmen had backed their oars at the command of one who, wrapped in a large cloak, and seated beneath an awning, appeared to command the craft. The boat was somewhat singular in appearance. Long, with places for a dozen oarsmen, it had towards the stern a species of cabin, covered with an awning. On top of this swung a yellow lamp, casting its jaundiced light moodily upon the dark mass of the twelve-oar cutter.

It was a boat of the Inquisition.

Luke Salem knew this, by the signal which swung above, and felt no small curiosity to know the reason of its presence. He would gladly have inquired, but the glittering axe of the Indian was near at hand, and he had a natural and wholesome dread of this instrument. It looked so sharp, so shining, that it might without much stretch of fancy be supposed to have the property of severing a head with its very shadow. At all events such was a "notion" which often recurred to the American Angles.

In a few moments after its first arrival, the craft of the gloomy Inquisition, introduced into Louisiana by the tyrannical Spaniard, became perfectly stationary. As it lay in the still moonlight, silent and motionless, its boatmen ready but without apparent life, it was an apt representation of that dark and dreadful institution of which it was the inanimate servant. Secret, unconscious, like many human instruments, it seemed to sleep on the face of the waters, devoid of all power. But like the unroused tiger, which dreams of blood, the servant of the Inquisition was stealthily on the watch for a victim.

Again the sound of paddles was heard.

This time too, it was a boat manned by several rowers, who advanced apparently unconscious of the ambush that awaited them. This craft had a wooden cabin, and by its dark outline, by the grim symbols of death painted glaringly in white on its outside, proclaimed itself clearly that of the Monk.

The position of the three boats is important the reader should now understand. In the very centre of the lake lay the cutter of the subtle and bigotted Inquisition, fit organ of such priests and all tyrants. About two hundred yards below was the boat of the Monk advancing rapidly, while

between them, concealed in the bushes, lay the canoe of the Indian and the spy. The second proceeded swiftly for some time, until within thirty or forty yards of the first mentioned, when discovering this latter lying directly in its way, it halted.

"Advance," said the cloaked stranger before mentioned, and whom our readers have doubtless recognised as Juan Salcedo.

"Who dares command on these waters?" replied one of the foremost boatmen.

"Spain," said the assassin; "advance or we fire on you."

"So, ho, my dainty son of Spain," continued the other colloquist, "two can play at that, but as our master seeks not bloodshed, we obey."

"And your master, who is he?"

"One whom you dare not disobey, Don Juan Salcedo."

The ruffian trembled. He had reason to fear both parties. His life he knew was forfeited, and Reilly, the governor, was just the man to make use of this power to his ruin. At the same time he had his reasons for dreading the tenant of the boat.

"I take heaven to witness I act against my will," he said; "but mine is a master will be obeyed."

"So will ours."

"And your master commands—"

"To offer no violence to your will. Do your behest."

Next moment the boats were alongside one another. Juan Salcedo trembled, but he knew obedience was requisite. He had succeeded in bringing himself so far to disobey the governor, as to take the Monk alive to his presence. Even this violence upon that personage he considered an act which endangered his peace, and he expected each moment that some mysterious and sudden punishment would fall upon him.

"Sir Monk," said he, in a trembling voice, as he passed into the narrow cabin of the boat, "I vow—"

The cabin was empty.

A roar of laughter from the boatmen, whom Juan Salcedo now discovered to be twelve in number, and armed to the teeth, shows how carefully the trick had been played. At any other time, and under any other circumstances, the Spanish bravo would have been inclined to show his resentment at the hilarity of the Monk's servants. The fact, however, of that personage being possessed of the information communicated to him alone he thought by the governor, and never breathed since to living soul, so raised the priest's character and power in his opinion, as seriously to alarm him. Juan had heard once of the devil, though his education had been scanty. I say once, because, though the worthy assassin had received many a proof of the existence of Satan in his own life, yet had he not been conscious of the connection between himself and the prince of darkness. Bad men never give themselves half credit enough; they have too slender an opinion of their own merits—poor fellows! they lay it all to the effect of chance of fate, and sundry other things which have no more to do with the matter than soda with soda water. We beg to set them right. They are really very clever and mighty men—there is genius and originality about some criminals, and they will obtain full credit for their actions. They are too modest when they imagine that good men only know what they are about, and will meet with their reward accordingly. They share in the advantage.

Now Juan *had heard* of the devil, and he now began to think that he *had seen* him in his proper person.

"Bnt the Monk," said he, after a brief pause; "where is he?"

"A simple question that," exclaimed the spokesman of the other boat, "as if any man could say."

"Caramba," said the Spaniard, "you are right. He is the devil himself."

"As for that, I can't say," observed the other; "but that dagger is not made yet which will slaughter him—no, not even if worn by Juan Salcedo."

"You don't mean to say ——," exclaimed the trembling ruffian.

"I say nothing; but I shall report what has passed."

"Louis Desnoyes," said the assassin, bending forward, and whispering, "on your soul—not a word of this. It was against my wish. The governor commanded, and I obeyed. Let me not be blamed for my obedience."

Louis Desnoyes was about to reply, when there occurred a serious interruption, which prevented the possibility of his so doing. Juan Salcedo was standing erect in the boat, awaiting the other's reply. In his hand was clutched a dagger, and it was clear, that were the reply unfavourable, the other's death would instantly ensue. The Spanish bravo stood with clenched teeth; the yellow lamp of the Inquisition falling its light full upon his face.

"Caramba!" cried the ruffian, as a rifle-shot struck his arm, and made him let the dagger fall to the bottom of the boat.

"To your arms, men," thundered Louis Dernoyes; "the bloody heathen is upon us."

A faint, far-off laugh, followed by a peculiar cry, made the Frenchman pause, while the wounded Spaniard inquired the reason of his hesitation in answering the fire from the shore.

"It is the Red Hand," replied the

Frenchman; "you have paid the penalty of your premeditated murder of the Monk. Take my advice. Return to your master, and tell him that the man he would destroy is far beyond his influence and malignity."

Juan Salcedo, smarting from the effect of the wound, wrapped his cloak around him, and giving his orders to the boatmen, the craft of the Inquisition sped on its way back to the American Venice.

Next minute the canoe was beside the boat of the mysterious Monk, that individual occupying a seat therein. When the boat came to a halt during the first parley, the Red Hand immediately came alongside, and availing himself of this unexpected aid, the great conspirator accepted the Indian's offer, by which he avoided a disagreeable collision with the minions of the governor. To Luke Salem all passed as a dream, and when he found himself in close contact with the man in whose power he had been for two days, it was with feelings of the utmost horror. A few minutes, however, of conference, changed the current of the spy's thoughts. The Monk addressed him a few firm words, coupled with a well-filled purse; and it is surprising how quickly the Yankee spy began to have confidence in his new employer.

It was during this conversation, and before the Monk could interfere, that the Red Hand severely wounded the assassin.

THE PLAGUE PRISON.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

[From Chapman's Magazine.]

I have already, under the title of "The Yellow Flag," described in what manner, and with what auspices, we floated into the quarantine harbour of Malta. The complaisant reader will now, I trust, consent to accompany me to prison, and partake of the entertainment which I found there. On entering our apartments, the very best in the lazaretto, situated in the upper story of the building, and exceedingly spacious and lofty, we found that the Maltese friends of one of the gentlemen of our party had already been mindful of our comforts. On a large table placed near the open window, commanding a fine view of the shore, tea and coffee were smoking in elegant porcelain cups, and piles of white French rolls, delicate fresh butter swimming in water, and bowls and dishes heaped with the richest fruits of the season.

While despatching these dainties we made a somewhat grotesque figure, with our red Fez caps, long drooping moustaches, untrimmed beards, and half-oriental, half-European costume. Close by my side sat the little eastern maiden before spoken of, with jet black tresses escaping from beneath her gold-edged Fez, and falling down her shoulders in profusion over her silken jacket, striped purple and white. An Arab servant, in the most picturesque costume of Egypt, broad white turban, light blue vest, silken trousers, and crimson shawl, waited on us instead of the Maltese guardiano, pouring out our coffee and handing round the fruit and rolls. Our conversation immediately smacked of the change in our condition. We were now a prey to no uncertainty. In twenty days we should be at liberty; for we had been informed that the fragment of twenty-four hours from ten-time till night, would be counted as one day.

The great question now was, who would bear imprisonment most patiently, least diligently count the hours, and experience the fewest temptations to scold the guardiano, find fault with the claret, and anathematise the excellent dinners sent us from one of the best houses in Valetta? It struck me that he who had most employment would be the least likely to fall a victim to ennui; and this busiest person was myself, since I had not only, like my companions, to write letters to my friends at home, but was under the necessity of bringing up my journal, and studying a mass of materials in the form of notes, which had been for some time accumulating in the countries I had travelled through.

Under the impression that the days would speed rapidly along, and that I should soon find myself again in motion, climbing the mountains of Sicily, descending into the subterranean streets of Herculaneum, strolling through the ruins of Pompeii, threading my way through the lazy crowds on *corsos* and *chiajas* of Naples, or mounting and descending the Alps, I at an early hour threw myself on one of those iron bedsteads with which the British government has furnished the lazaretto of Malta. Sleep almost at once threw its mantle over me; and what did I see then? Certainly not the chambers of "our prison house," or the waves of the Mediterranean, whether angry or still, or the vast deserts I had traversed, or those landscapes of inimitable beauty, composed of rocks and water, and mosques and tombs, and villages surrounded and overshadowed by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. No, the genius of sleep was more indulgent to me. It displayed to my view the interior of a beautiful cottage on the Leman lake, where I beheld a mother with an infant in her arms, surrounded by a number of children at play, some of which would, from time to time, stand by her knee, look in her face and say, "I wonder where father is now?" As the only reply, the mother would bend

over her infant, as if to hide certain tokens of emotion which nature at times will force into the eyes. I seemed suddenly to make my appearance among them, to feel the embrace of one, the kiss of another, and the feelings becoming too tumultuous to be confined within the narrow channels of a dream, I started on my iron couch, and, looking around me, beheld my bedroom filled with the bright light of a May morning, and a cloud of mosquitoes, rising from my face through the tough brown, weather-beaten skin of which, they had in vain been endeavouring to penetrate. I detected the traces of the dream upon my cheek, in that thin delicate brine which, in the microcosm of man, swells like the tides of the ocean, when the sun of joy or the cloud of sorrow passes over him.

It is a luxury to inhale the early air of the morning in the south, I accordingly dressed rapidly, clapped on my Fez, and hastened to examine the topography of my prison. It was a large quadrangular building erected round a long narrow court, of which the inmates could command a view from the wooden gallery running along the front of every story. With the persons on the opposite gallery we could very easily converse, which, had we stood in need of amusement, might have been an advantage to us. On the terrace below, however, we met and walked together, though as they had been in confinement several days before us, they were careful to avoid closer contact, as, had we touched each other, our guardians would have reported the fact to the proper authorities, and thus have extended the duration of their captivity.

On approaching the window overlooking the quarantine harbour, I observed several merchantmen and ships of war lying there, among which were a Russian frigate and an English sloop of war, last from Tunis, commanded by a son of Lord Grey. The crew of this craft sometimes afforded us considerable amusement. Having little else to do, they spent much of their time in the water, occasionally upsetting a boat, and then attempting to scramble up its wet and slippery sides, laughing, pulling, and clutching each other, to the great entertainment of the plague-suspected population of the lazaretto. The Russian vessel lay apart from every other at the further extremity of the harbour. She appeared to be of a very handsome build, and was said to be kept scrupulously clean. Here and there, on projecting points of land, we could perceive, pacing to and fro, the sentinels stationed there to enforce the observance of the quarantine regulations. Their orders were to fire upon any persons who should attempt to overstep the prescribed boundaries, and hold communication with the people of the city. And ought we at all to wonder at this severity? There were several plague patients at that very moment in the lazaretto, not three doors from our apartments, and had the rules of quarantine been infringed, the same thing would, in all probability, have happened again, that occurred in 1810, when the plague was introduced into Valetta and carried off ten thousand victims. I am aware that an opinion prevails rather widely, more especially among political economists, hostile to the maintenance of quarantine establishments. Because the free play of the commercial machine is somewhat impeded by a strict attention to public health, they jump to the conclusion that the plague in reality is not contagious, that it diffuses itself through the channel of the atmosphere; and that, consequently, whatever precautions you may take there can be no escape for you, if your lungs once breathe the infected air. But this ingenious theory is not consistent with experience. We find, on the contrary, that you may converse with a plague-smitten patient, that you may dine with him, sleep in the same chamber with him, and yet escape the malady, provide you neither touch his person nor his garments. This is the general belief of Europeans in all parts of the Levant. As I have said, however, there are persons who maintain the contrary opinion, chiefly to be found in those countries of Europe which are seldom or never ravaged by the pestilence.

But, be this as it may, certain it is that the neighbourhood of the disease is sure to excite very unpleasant reflections. For example, when it was whispered through our division of the lazaretto that one of our near neighbours had died of the plague, and that he was to be carried along our terrace to be buried, I noticed that every countenance assumed an additional shade of gravity. No one, you may be sure, who was not compelled by the duty of his station, attended that unfortunate traveller to his grave. He had no relations, no friends near. We never heard his name. Four of the guardians with hurried step and in utter silence bore him past our door; the gates which separated the several divisions of the lazaretto were successively thrown open; the apparition passed, the gates closed behind it, and dust was committed to dust in comparatively few minutes. No bell tolled, no service was said, but the shock communicated by this single death to every heart within that vast building, left behind it a quicker pulse, a long throb of apprehension, which, like the heaving of the sea after a tempest, continued to be felt for several days.

Little did I think then, that my most lively, healthful, and agreeable friend, the

Rev. Vere Monro, whose witty and learned company had imparted additional charms even to the banks of the Nile, and who was at that moment with pilgrim feet traversing the Holy Land, would in a few short years come to that self-same spot to die. He was a man who loved travelling for its own sake; neither fatigue nor privations could disgust him with it. With the Bible and Herodotus, and the necessary cash in his carpet-bag, he joined me at Rosetta. We journeyed in all directions nearly three thousand miles together, and at the close of our journey projected another to the banks of the Volga and the shores of the Caspian Sea. When afterwards he came to put this design in execution, circumstances prevented my accompanying him, and he performed but a small part of his intended tour. From Nishni Novgorod and a port in the Crimea, he forwarded me an account of his travels and of the obstacles which prevented their extension. The correspondence then suddenly ceased, and in the obituary of the daily journals I soon learned the cause. He had come to Malta, bringing the germs of fever, perhaps of plague, along with him, and there died in the midst of strangers, sincerely regretted, I may truly add, by all who ever knew him.

Nevertheless, our situation—to return to my subject—was far from being dull. Visitors from the city came constantly to see us in boats, bringing with them the news and scandal of the day. One of the gentlemen in the opposite wing of the building happening to be an acquaintance of Wolfe, the missionary—at that time pursuing his journey through Persia and Affghanistan, and now again on his way to Bokhara to inquire into the fate of our gallant countrymen, Stoddart and Conolly; his wife, who resided at Malta, was generally, with her infant daughter, to be seen among the visitors at the foot of our terrace stairs. Besides, we mustered six travellers in all, and we had traversed between us a very large portion of the globe. Occasionally, therefore, as we sat and smoked in the evening sun, narratives and personal adventures rapidly succeeded each other, seasoned sometimes with the description of a typhoon in the China seas, sometimes with an Indian alligator, a residence in the plague hospital of Alexandria, or a visit to the river Jordan or the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Occasionally we spent an hour in exhibiting the curiosities we had collected; as chaplets of wandering derwishes, bracelets from the arms of African women, daggers, sea-shells, holy beads from Mecca or Jerusalem, papyri, chips from the great pyramid, seals or amulets found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, variegated agates or cornelians from the Great Desert, or apples of Sodom exactly such as they are described by Tacitus.

But, whatever may have been the case with my companions, I own that my principal pleasure during our imprisonment consisted in projecting myself forward by an effort of the imagination, and conversing proleptically with persons who were at that time perhaps exceedingly uneasy on my account; for so mismanaged are the affairs of the post-office in that part of the world that few of my letters arrived at their destination until many months after they were written, and even the joyous missive which I had submitted to be smoked on the very evening of my arrival at Malta, did not reach my family in Switzerland, until I had been myself a fortnight or three weeks at home. The individuals, with whom chance brings you in contact, may be and often are very pleasant people; but the current of their general sympathies runs necessarily in channels very different from yours. The real affections of a knot of men, thus bound together a moment, operate faintly on the spot where they happen to be placed, but, diverging to every point of the compass, flow with impassioned force towards persons and places at a distance. These merry friends, therefore, as they seem, could they be admitted into the recesses of each other's natures, and behold, as in a mirror, the world of busy thoughts hived and working their honey there, would be wonderfully surprised at the unsuspected exhibition. I can, at all events, answer for myself. For often as I sat at the great window of our saloon, apparently listening to the lively conversation going on around the claret, I would recline my head on my hand, grow gradually forgetful of every person present, and gaze in a sort of dreamy rapture on the vast carpet of waves, silvered by the moonbeams, which stretched from the foot of that rock to the mole of Genoa, within a comparatively few hundred miles of Lausanne. I would then contract the distance, throw Posidonian steps over land and sea, and detect myself among the snows of the Simplon, while in reality catching the soft and balmy breeze fresh from the orange groves of Malta.

Valuable Information—In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having a board affixed to it with this inscription:—"Take notice, that when the water is over this board, this road is impassible."

A Pretty Idea.—The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER IV.—THE CAPTAIN.

Master Truxillo was not the only one who passed a bad night. Piquillo had for many hours been shut up in the underground sleeping room, provided for him at the Golden Sun hotel. The landlord, detained at the palace, in the exercise of his civic duties, greatly to his regret, had been unable to return to his house; and Coello, his major-domo, manager in his absence, felt bound to drink to the health of his patron on his new appointment. For this purpose he had invited all the servants of the hotel to partake of the remains of the day's provisions, to which he thought them fairly entitled. After having provided dinner for every body, one has a right to think of oneself; but nobody bestowed a thought on poor Piquillo, who had been frequently pacing round and round the cell in which he was confined as prisoner of the state. There was no outlet from his dungeon, but through a door, which was both bolted and padlocked; no light, but what was admitted through a narrow vent-hole, secured by an iron bar; in short, the place was devoid of all furniture, if we excepted two old butts, once filled with tolerable Benicarlo wine, which had been sold by the landlord for pure Alcantara. After fruitless endeavours to break open the door, and having, in vain, cried out for assistance, Piquillo sat himself down—and must we confess it—his courage forsook him. Our hero began to cry; but what hero is without his weak moments; and then it must not be forgotten our hero had not supped, and his morning breakfast had long since passed from his recollection, thanks to the exercise he had taken, and the fatigue produced by the military manœuvres of the day. He wept then—and, moreover, though not naturally timid, he could not repress the feeling of alarm, which overcame him on finding himself in total darkness. All at once he heard loud cries, and thought his last hour was approaching; it was occasioned by the good cheer of the major-domo and servants of the hotel, who were intoxicated with the wine of their patron. Seated around a large table in the finest room in the hotel, they made Juanita, with whom we are already acquainted, wait upon them; this young girl, only twelve years old, lovely, obliging, and devoid of all pride, was ordered about, and scolded by every body, and was at this time the assistant of the servants.

"Bring from the kitchen," called out the major-domo, in an imperious tone, "the two whole partridges brought down from No. 9; the guests there must have been lovers, for they did not eat."

A triton among the minnows he appeared to his flatterers, and this sally of the major-domo was received with great applause. This was the noise which so frightened Piquillo, who sprang up, and listened attentively.

A sudden ray of moonlight came through the aperture overlooking the court-yard, and lighted up his cell; this, however, was momentarily intercepted by the body of some unknown person, who softly approached the aperture, remained but an instant, and then rapidly running away, let fall a roasted partridge at Piquillo's feet. Immediately afterwards the soft voice of a young girl was heard from the dining room.

"I vow there was but one, major-domo."

"It is very astonishing," said Coello; "I put two on the table, unless these gentlemen——"

And he gave a searching glance around the table; but none of the waiters or attendants of the Golden Sun could reasonably be suspected of an act of such selfishness and indelicacy. Piquillo thus was indebted, for his supper, as he had been for his breakfast, to the attentions of Juanita, by whom he was quartered upon the enemy and at their expense; he would willingly, however, have dispensed with his lodging, and he set his wits to work to find out a means of escape. The aperture of the vent-hole was itself very narrow, and the bar of iron rendered it twice as small; but Piquillo was so thin that he thought he could, without much difficulty, although he had supped, contrive to pass through this narrow opening. The great difficulty was to reach it, but a good dinner and the love of liberty doubles one's energy; and the prisoner managed, by unheard of efforts, to pile the two empty butts one upon the other. He then attempted his ascent to scale the breach, which he did not accomplish without having disfigured and hurt himself a good deal. Having got his head between the bar and the wall, he soon introduced the rest of his body, and thus got into the court-yard. Piquillo, a beggar, and a vagrant, had no ideas of religion or morality, and only heard the name of the deity in the daily oaths which were uttered; and in spite of himself, he knew not why, an instinct, a motive of gratitude, made him fall on his knees, though his lips uttered not a word — though his heartfelt gratitude showed no visible signs by which it could be recognised, yet there was in his heart a sincere and fervent prayer which reached to heaven. The prisoner, having left his cell, but not the hotel (and the court-yard

being surrounded by high walls, whose summit he had scarcely any hope of attaining, and still less of being enabled to descend into the street on the other side) Piquillo disconsolate and discouraged, had no idea how to extricate himself from his difficulties, and began to give way to dispair, and to think that he had but changed one prison for another, where nobody would come to his assistance. His heart had made him think of providence; his generosity had provided a friend, and he who, in the morning, had nothing, found in one day, two treasures, two consolations—religion and friendship. Suddenly appeared a shadow at the top of the wall; then a beam of moonlight displayed to him a brown head, which cautiously appeared, looking down into the court-yard. How lucky! it was Pedralvi. Piquillo would have cried out, but a motion from his friend warned him to be silent, and a moment after the Bohemian was on the parapet of the wall, attempting to draw up with him a small, long, and light ladder, which had served to enable him to mount the wall. Being with difficulty drawn up, it was placed on the other side, and let down into the court. Piquillo having placed it properly, got to the top of the wall where Pedralvi awaited him; here, then, were these two friends, face to face, striding across the wall. They embraced, and began to question each other.

"Is it you, Pedralvi, who have come to help me?"

"Yes, forsooth; you gave me your assistance once, and I do the same for you."

"And suppose I had not luckily been in the court-yard!"

"I would have sought you elsewhere."

"But I was in the cellar."

"I should have descended into it. I knew you were a prisoner in the inn; that was enough for me; and no matter how, I should have effected your escape."

"And suppose you had been taken prisoner, or beaten?"

"That was my affair; I remained since dark outside in the street."

"What were you doing?"

"Prowling about on the look out."

"For what?"

"For the means of effecting your escape, which this ladder soon afforded."

"Where did you find it?"

"Opposite, at Truxillo's the tailor."

"Did you go there to get it?"

"No; it was let down from a window, and immediately after I saw descend, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"A thief?"

"If so, a very juvenile one; and a soft voice cautioned him to be careful; but I then cried aloud—Saint Hermandad! the window was speedily closed, and the young man leaped to the ground, and ran away. I, then, in a moment, seized hold of the ladder, and here I am."

"Now, let us descend, for though ware well enough here, we can chat more comfortably when we have descended to the other side of the wall."

By their joint efforts, the two friends easily managed to raise the ladder, which was still resting against the wall of the court-yard of the Golden Sun, and they let it down into the street, and Pedralvi, insisting on ceding to Piquillo the honour of being the first to descend, the latter took the lead.

At this moment the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, which passed over it, and the inn, the walls, and the street were left in total darkness, and Pedralvi, no longer able to see his friend, said to him in a subdued tone, "Descend cautiously, for the walls are at least twenty feet high. Have you descended safely? Speak."

"Yes; here I am."

But the moment Pedralvi was about to follow, a strong arm upset the ladder, and a loud voice called out, "How comes it, my funny little fellow, that we thus catch you on our own track?"

Thus spoke Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, it will be recollected, had, in the morning meeting, held in the public square, pronounced so energetically in favour of the Cortes.

"Sir knight," cried Piquillo, "you are mistaken; I am no thief."

"How do I know that?"

"I swear to you I follow no such vile occupation."

Piquillo now felt his arm fixed as in a vice by the Captain's grasp, and he roared out with pain, "Let me alone — let me alone, if you belong to the corps of Saint Hermandad, or the halberdiers of the town."

"To neither; but as you come from this house you can give us some intelligence we want."

"I have none to give."

"No matter; follow us."

"I can't; let me go. I have a friend waiting for me."

"Where?"

"At the top of the wall."

Pedralvi thereupon called out, "Yes, sir knight, do not injure him, and replace the ladder to enable me to get down, or I shall call out for assistance."

One of the Captain's followers laid hold of the handle of a pistol, which was in his girdle; but Juan Baptista arrested his purpose, by exclaiming, "Think what you are about; to create such a disturbance, and at this hour of the night, and to what end; one of these two night birds will be sufficient for me to capture, and him I will bring away with me."

"Help here," cried Piquillo.

"Help," chorused Pedralvi, whose elevated situation made him more easily heard.

"Help," repeated the major-domo.

The servants and waiters of the Golden Sun, who, having passed the night in carousing, either appeared at the windows or in the court-yard, hearing the noise; the Captain and his attendants ran away, carrying their captive with them. Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, in his lifetime, had borne many other names, was as undistinguished by his deeds as he was obscure by origin. Some said he was a Moor; others a Neapolitan; he cared as little for his family as they did for him; it mattered not to him to what country he belonged, he had no preference for any one in particular, having travelled into almost every quarter of the globe, and for reasons best known to himself, never found any country in which he was suffered long to remain. For a considerable period he had confined his exploits to Spain, and it was not without reason that he, who had seen and observed so much, considered Spain of all European governments the most desirable and safest for people of his profession to live in; they were not much troubled by the police. Disorder was everywhere rife, and the authorities never interfered; and Juan Baptista, after leading a riotous and erratic life, had at last fixed upon this country, which, to speak the truth, was almost his own, for in reality the Captain was of Portuguese descent. He was yet only a few years old when Portugal was united to Spain, in the reign of the late king Philip II, by the grace of God, the constitution of the kingdom, and an army of 30,000 men, commanded by the Duke Dalba. Don Henry, of the noble Portuguese family of Villaflor, secretly bribed by Philip II, had powerfully contributed to this conquest, and as a reward for these anti-national services, had created him Count Santarem. Whilst he was hunting over the mountains of Dorso, the finest of the Alentejo, his party had to seek shelter from a storm in a little inn, the only one at hand. Geronima, the wife of a smuggler, then absent, did the honours of the house; she was young, coquettish, not over handsome, and even red haired; but when taking shelter from the rain, one is not difficult to please. The Portuguese nobleman filled up his leisure hours by paying gallant attentions to the lady; in less than a year from this time he was at a country seat, on the banks of the Tagus, when he was told that a woman, from the hill country of Alentejo, wanted to speak to him, and he then saw the smuggler's wife carrying a fat, bouncing little boy, who was crying and biting his mother. This was the Captain, whose biography we trace, named Juan Baptista by his mother, that saint's day being the day of his birth.

It was in his hands that poor Piquillo had fallen. The Captain had a deal of forethought; he had often thought that an intelligent lad, whose youth anticipated mistrust, might render great services to the troop which he had the honour to command, and Piquillo was just what he wanted. Piquillo's greatest regret was for his companion. What would become of poor Pedralvi, who had exposed himself on his account? But he was obliged soon to think of himself. Juan Baptista and his friends left town before daybreak. Horses were awaiting for them without the walls, as also two loaded mules, besides one that carried nothing, which the Captain eyed with a grim expression.

"That rascally treasurer of Pampeluna certainly forestalled us," remarked the Captain.

"Why, Captain," observed a man of short stature, but strong and well-knit frame (it was Martin de Barallo, generally called Carallo, the confidant and friend of the Captain), you know that the Count de Lerma never leaves anything in the public chests."

"True; he is a great financial minister; luckily, we shall have to do with him yet upon other grounds; but come, let us be off, and mount the urchin upon the spare mule. He is not what ought to have been there; but no matter, we must teach him to be useful."

The cavalcade started at a trot, continued its way all night, traversed, in the middle of the day, a beautiful river, the name of which Piquillo only learnt afterwards—it was the Ebro; and some hours afterwards they began to ascend the mountains and penetrate into the forests.

When Piquillo arrived at the *posado de buen Socorro*, "the inn of good help," he could not imagine what sort of customers frequented such a spot. He thought of the hotel of the Golden Sun, where it rained roasted partridges, as something magical in comparison, and he almost wished himself back again in the cellar. The memory of Juanita, so kind and so pretty, and of his friend Pedralvi, so devoted and so gay, rendered the terrible society in which he was now thrown still more repulsive; not that any thing was wanting, the Captain's table was well served, the wine was good, and there was abundance of *aqua ardientè*, but what he heard and saw confused his ideas, and troubled his young and inexperienced mind. The bacchanalian orgies finished most frequently in quarrels. "You cannot agree, my children," the Captain would say, in a paternal tone, "fight it out, and let it be over." Knives were drawn,

blood flowed, and Piquillo retired into a corner, trembling and crying. To a poor child who had never seen nor heard of anything of the kind, this horrible tavern was like the ante-chamber of hell.

And yet Piquillo was forbidden to quit it: that was the Captain's order, and woe to him who dared to disobey! Piquillo feared the Captain far too much even to think of quitting the *posado*, but one day the weather was so fine, the sun shining so brightly, no one but himself at the hostelry; he could not resist the temptation of a walk in order to breathe a little fresh air. He had been out only a few minutes when he felt himself already refreshed, a feeling of gladness crept to his heart, and a smile played upon his lips, when suddenly his cheeks became pale and icy. He was even obliged to seek support from a tree! for he had, on turning round a corner in the wood, found himself face to face with the Captain.

SUNLIGHT UPON THE WATERS.

(By the author of "Rural Sonnets," "Moonlight on the Waters," "Spartacus," and other Tragedies.)

Sunlight upon the waters—or when, hush'd,
The mirror'd lake reflects it, beam for beam;
Or when it seems, on ripples radiance-flush'd,
A rain of stars—how beautiful to seem!—
When, with the cataract, it leaps and dashes
Down to the atoms-shatter'd spray below,
And, ere the dazzled eye can drink its flashes,
Melts to the semblance of the heav'nly bow;
When, in that bow itself, serenely spread
O'er the storm-featur'd concave, it appears
A pathway for th' Invisible to tread,
A gorgeous arch, connecting holier spheres;
Then, sunlight on the waters is a theme
For poet's raptur'd gaze, and loftiest mystic dream.

Lo! on a lesser scale, 'tis still the theme,—
Spangling in dewdrops o'er the bladed grass;
Bright'ning the shallows of the pebbled stream,
Thro' which the naked-footed urchins pass;
When, in some reservoir, or large, or small,
It draws the basking inmates to the brim,
As, on their scales of gold and silver, fall
Th' exhilirating rays in which they swim;
Or when some well-oar'd boat, in swift advance,
Quickens the strokes from which the waters glance;
Or when, to take her bath, th' imperial swan
Flutters, for glee, the surface in her track,
Stoops her arch'd neck, down diving, and, anon,
Showers liquid brilliants o'er her plumage-ruffled back.

Trebly, the theme!—when, view'd from some great height,
At morn, it radiates skyward from the main;
Or when, at noon, insufferably bright,
The billows blaze along the wat'ry plain;
Or when, at even, in the purpling west,
The fleecy vapours catch chameleon-dyes,
While, at their feet, in soften'd splendour dress'd,
The undulating ocean murm'ring, lies;
Or when, by terrac'd lawn, or statued place,
Some cooling fountain jets translucent streams,
Which, from their crested summits to their base,
Freshen and revel in the pervious beams;
And, in each phase, the poet will perceive
The beautiful on earth, in which his race believe.

Inner Temple.

MINE HOST AT PENANG.

During a voyage to India and China in the year 1830, I landed at the island of Penang, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and desired the chulias or native boatmen to carry my baggage to the best hotel. "Atcha, sahib," said the maungee or helmsman, and away they went, I following.

In a few minutes we arrived at a very handsome house, encircled by verandahs and venetians, in the midst of a beautiful garden, filled with roses, champas, balsams, and various other eastern flowers, nutmeg trees, mangoes, mangosteins, behese and bananos: here the boat people stopped; I asked if this was the house.

"Hau sahib, massa Fraser, sahib's name," replied the maunjee.

I walked in, seated myself in the dining-room, and told the khansamah or butler, who was salaaming, to bring dinner directly.

"Sahib gone out and take keys with," said the khansamah, putting on a very doleful face, and adjusting the palms of his hands together in the attitude of a brahmin at his devotions.

"The deuce he is," cried I; "then can I get nothing to eat? I have had nothing since breakfast."

"Sahib gone out dinner—got keys with—what I do?"

"Your master is a pretty fellow, truly, to pretend to keep an hotel, and let guests arrive to find him gone out, having not the wherewithal to satisfy their craving appetites. When do you expect your master back?"

"I tink he come after two three hour, not more."

"Oh! in two or three hours, well, this is taking it precious easy for the master of an hotel! Do you know where he is gone? can't you send for him? Tell him I have just landed from the H. C. ship Duke of —— just anchored in the roadstead, and wish for some dinner."

"Yes, sahib, I send one man, he not too far," and away he despatched the mussalchee, or cooler of wine.

"Is there then absolutely nothing eatable or drinkable that you can get at?" gasped I, attacking the khansamah once more.

"Brandy panee got, Manilla cheroot got, sahib."

"Well, bring them in, and half a dozen more candles, this large room is as dark as a dungeon." I then reclined on a couch and applied myself to the brandy panee and cheroots, with no very amiable feeling towards the *maitre d'hotel*. I had thus whiled away about half an hour, when, to vary the scene a little, I desired the khansamah to show me my sleeping apartment.

We ascended to the upper story, where I found my baggage placed in a room of no very considerable dimensions, situated at the back of the house. "This room will not do at all for me," I exclaimed, "it is too small, and too hot; besides I don't like the aspect, it is at the back of the house; take my things into one in front."

"Me much sorry, sahib, no got other large room."

"Not got any other large room! why, whose room is this?" said I, grasping the handle of a door opposite.

"No, sahib! no, sahib! sahib no go there, that master's wife's room," shouted the horrified khansamah in a deprecating tone, and joining his palms.

"Whew! master's wife's room is it! your master must be a pattern for all hosts; he has taken care to keep the best room in the house for himself. Pray whose room is this?" laying hold of the handle of another door, "occupied by some more of the family perhaps?"

"Yes, sahib! yes, sahib!" and again the palms were approximated, "that master's brother's wife's room."

"Indeed! master's brother's wife's room! then doubtless, this," advancing towards another door, "contains some near relation, eh?"

"That babas and ayahs room, sahib."

"Well, this is really amusing; the only three good sleeping apartments in an hotel occupied by the hotel-keeper's family; he gone out to dinner, and taken the keys of the larder with him! is this the way matters are managed at Penang?" with this sage remark I returned to the dining room. After the lapse of a few minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance entered, walked up to me, and offered to shake hands, welcoming me at the same time to Penang.

"Really, sir, you have the advantage of me," remarked I, slightly recoiling; "to my recollection, I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"My name is Fraser," he replied, grasping my hand, nolens, volens; "when did you arrive? I wish I had known of your arrival before, I would have been here to meet you."

This communication did not in any way tend to enlighten my ideas as to the gentleman's identity; however, as I knew that there was a merchant of that name in the place, to whom the ship was consigned, I concluded that he had called upon me to glean commercial intelligence; I therefore requested him to take a chair, pushed over the brandy and water, and cheroots, telling him to help himself. We discussed various subjects relating to the East India Company's maritime service, ships, merchandise, &c., for a short space, when he suddenly asked me, apologising for his neglect, "if I had dined?" and called out, "Quihi, khandleon, bring dinner."

"Atcha, sahib," said the khansamah with a very low salaam, and I then discovered, to my no small astonishment, that I had been conversing all this time with the master, or master's brother!

The dinner was served—my host seated himself, quite naturally, at the head of the table, and carved. I had perceived he was certainly a man of superior parts, particularly so for an innkeeper; but I could not help inwardly apostrophising his abominable familiarity.

"What wine do you prefer, Mr. B——?" inquired mine host.

"Have you any claret?" asked I.

"Yes, capital, some I bought out of a French ship, *La Belle Poule*, a fortnight since."

"What name and growth?"

"Laffitte, first growth of 1825."

"Excellent; khansamah, you may bring me a bottle of the Laffitte."

"Yes, sahib." The khansamah brought the wine.

"Pleasure of wine, Mr. B——," challenged mine host.

I bowed stiffly; confound his impudence, thought I; I'll try and take his assurance down a peg or two. Our glasses were charged—we bowed—I took one sip of the wine, then hastily held it up to the light, and observed, "surely Mr. Fraser, this cannot be the wine you mentioned—it is horrid stuff; khansamah, bring me another cork, this won't do." Mr. Fraser stared. "Ay, this is better," said I, tasting another glass from a different bottle, "you hotel-keepers always keep back the best wine 'till after dinner," I added, determined to give him a rub.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Fraser, thoroughly taken aback, and with a look of astonishment, which must have lasted half a minute. His countenance then relaxed into a series of smiles, followed by a succession of loud laughs, the duration of which, I thought, however much the utterer of a smart saying may enjoy its good reception, was totally unwarranted by the intrinsic value of the joke. I was puzzled, and inclined to feel offended. Mr. Fraser, however, opened the conversation from that time in a very animated manner, talking and laughing incessantly. I shortly felt perfectly reconciled, and by ten o'clock gave him credit for being the best informed, most amusing, most gentlemanly, yet most free and easy host it had ever been my fate to encounter.

Feeling tired, I then made a move to retire to bed.

"I will show you the way to your room," said Mr. Fraser.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, I know it perfectly; by the bye, that room is excessively small and hot; but I find you have no other unoccupied."

"I am sorry, for your sake, I have not," answered he, with a smile; "good night, I hope you will sleep well," and again he insisted on shaking hands with me.

There goes the prince of inn-keepers, the acmé of perfection in a host, I soliliquised, when the door was shut. I wonder whether he attempts to treat all his guests in this manner! I ensconced myself between—not the sheets—but the mosquito curtains, and thinking of Mr. Fraser's seeming peculiarities, soon fell under the influence of the sleepy God. My dreams partook of the evening's reminiscences, in which Mr. Fraser enacted his part of the preceding evening with sundry variations; his manner gradually increasing in familiarity towards myself. He only laughed at some very satirical observations which I made on his behaviour, until I was compelled to contemplate the dire necessity of launching at his head a bottle of champagne, ordered by myself. My wrath kindled with every fresh advance he made, and every laugh with which he replied to my sarcasms seemed to add fresh fuel to the intensity of my anger, when he at once put the finishing stroke, by calling out in a slow voice, with an emphasis on the last word: "I say B —, how are you off for Laffitte?" winking his eye, and bursting into a roar of laughter. I stretched forth my arm to seize the bottle of champagne, for the purpose of administering to his pericranium when I was awoke by a crashing noise, and found that I had smashed a cup and saucer, which the Malay butler had been holding by my bedside for some time full of coffee, and which, instead of solacing my interior man, now amply bedemed his milk-white vestments, turban, &c. The butler imported the intelligence that it was half-past eight o'clock. I arose, bathed, dressed, and proceeded to the breakfast room, where I found mine host and breakfast prepared. He shook me cordially and smilingly by the hand, and I could not refrain from an occasional laugh, as the idea of the bottle of champagne occurred to me. After a repast consisting of curry and rice, fried Pomfret fish, Manilla chocolate, and that most delicious fruit, the mangostein, &c., I asked Mr. Fraser, whether he kept buggies and horses, as I wished to have one for the day.

"Certainly," said he. "Quihi, tell the syce to get the buggy ready, and put to the English horse."

In ten minutes I started in a first-rate turn out for the house of Mr. Fraser, the agent for the ship, who after welcoming me to Penang, asked, when I landed and where I had been stopping.

"I landed last evening about five o'clock," replied I, "and slept at Fraser's hotel."

"Fraser's hotel!" said he, "there is none such in Penang."

"Indeed! well, Fraser is the name of the gentlemanly, humoursome, and free and easy landlord; there can be no mistaking him: the house is situated about a quarter of a mile out of town, close to an extensive pepper plantation, with Chinese huts near it."

"That is the house of a namesake of mine, also a merchant of this place."

"What!" said I, with a dawning idea that I had made a mess of it, "I told the chulias to take me to the best hotel, and as such I have used that house; I assure you such is the fact." "And," said he, laughing, "the only way I can account for this *contretemps*, is, that the chulias, knowing but a few words of English, did not understand you, and hearing that a Mr. Fraser was agent for the ship, unfortunately took you to the house of the wrong one, which you concluded to be an hotel."

I bolted down stairs, jumped into the buggy, and drove with all speed back to Mr. Fraser No. 1. to whom I poured forth all the apologies I could think of, with as crest-fallen a countenance as might well be.

Mr. Fraser seemed to enjoy the joke amazingly; and indulged in much merriment at my expense. He said he hoped I would remain in my present quarters, which of course I declined; he would not, however, allow me to depart without first promising to meet a party of his friends that evening at dinner. The first toast after the removal of the cloth, proposed by the vice president, amidst roars of laughter, was "Success to the New Hotel."

THE SPANISH NIGHT-WATCH, OR EL SERENO.

In some Spanish countries, the guardian of the night, or watchman, is called the Sereno, and generally commences his cry, half-singing the following words: "Ave Maria purissima;" and then gives the hour, in these words: "Las doce han dado y sereno."—"O holy Virgin Mary most pure, the clock has struck twelve, and beautiful is the night."

One can easily imagine the sorrow and anguish of a young and beauteous donna of southern climes, when invited by her lover to an evening walk, to be called by a severe mother to a long series of Romish prayers and counting of beads. Then sternly requested to retire to her chamber,

knowing that her lover is under her window; he not daring to sing to her the songs she loves, or touch his guitar—she listening to the sereno crying the hours, and just being able to hear the footsteps and merry voices of the passers by, returning from their paseo or evening ramble—to use the emphatic language of old deaf Stapleton in *Jacob Faithful*, is "rather too much for human nature."

The following is a translation of the Spanish song "El Sereno," commencing with

Una noche tan hermosa,
Me convidan á pasear,
Pero, como y lo digo
Mi Madre Uama á rezar.
Me pongo al punto,
Sola, á Uorar,
Mi triste suerte,
Mi duro mal, &c. &c.

O what a lovely moonlight night
For those who could out wand'ring go;
But when the call 'to prayers' came,
I knew my mother would say no.
Yet as I knelt I wept,
And wish'd that I were free,
For well I knew my love
Would waiting be for me.

Through the open casement sounding,
As I gaze on the moonlit tower,
While of happier days I'm dreaming,
Comes the knell of the passing hour.
O, hateful watchman, cease,
Nor tease me with thy lay,
Which makes it worse for me
Thus all alone to stay.

And now 'tis nine, and now 'tis ten;
Art thou list'ning to my wailing?
While hark! from yonder shady groves
Merry voices now are pealing.
But as I kneel I weep,
And wish that I were free,
For well I know my love
Will waiting be for me.

Now eleven o'clock has struck,
I hear all the serenos chaunting;
But little I'd reck their telling the hours,
If my love and I were roving.
But as I kneel I weep,
Though I'd try to get free,
If I knew that my love
Were waiting still for me.

Hark! once again that vile sereno;
He seems 'tis twelve o'clock' to say,
And thus my misery makes complete,
For all are on their homeward way.
Still as I kneel I weep,
And I wish it could be
That my true love dear
Had walking been with me.

FRIAR PARTRIDGE.

LECTURE ON TEXAS.

A lecture was last night delivered on Texas, at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square, by Mr. Percy B. St. John, author of the "Trapper's Bride," "Enchanted Rock," &c. Mr. St. John is an enthusiast in everything relating to the success of Texian affairs, and has evidently entered with the spirit of one into the study of their history, as he has physically, into their struggle for "independence" in their war with the Mexicans. He served in that stirring struggle in the Texian navy, but the materials of his lecture were chiefly gleaned from, and principally related to, the land service. The theatre of the institution was numerously and fashionably attended, a large portion of the auditory being composed of ladies. The lecturer commenced his discourse with interesting details of the early history of the Texians, in which were indicated many circumstances of stirring interest. He then directed attention to the Natchez, of whom he related some curious stories, and passed on to the conquest of South America by the Spaniards. He next directed attention to the Anglo-Saxon colonists, who soon became naturalised, and caught up the patriotic flame of American independence and American feeling, which they pushed with the indomitable energy and determination of purpose for which Englishmen, whether at home or on foreign shores, are distinguished. He next carried his audience on to the revolutionary war in which the country was engaged, and of which he gave a rapid and glowing sketch, pencilling its incidents of patriotism, hope, blood, treachery, &c., in a very lively manner; and thence passed to the mercenary efforts of the Mexicans to subdue the Texians, and bring them under the Mexican yoke, narrating several instances of the treachery, baseness, and gross breaches of faith of Santa Anna and other mercenary soldiers engaged in that struggle. He then entered on a description of the extraordinary battle of San Jacinto, which ended in the achievement of Texian independence of the Mexicans, and the great distinguishing feature of which was the disparity of the antagonist forces, the Texians, who proved victorious, numbering but 750, while the Mexicans counted 4,000; the former commanded by the gallant General Houston, the latter by the experienced and daring Santa Anna. On the night before the battle the Texian forces, composed of all nations, English, Germans, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Polish, Swiss, French, Yankees, Dutch, &c., &c., presented a most singular and wild appearance as they grouped in conversation around their camp fires. They were most of them farmers' men, having a stake in the country, and who, setting their lives and liberties, their altars and their hearths on this last cast, had sent their wives and children into the United States for safety from the worst, should the worst befall, and the fates declare against them. Their boots were unpolished, their trousers unstrapped, their coats mostly of rough bear-skin unbrushed, and their hair and

beards uncut for months, presenting as wild and singular a band as nature and rude warfare ever presented; yet most of those singular-looking men had been once accustomed, in the neat, fashionable, and well-appointed costume, to "grace the drawing-room" in European circles—most of them were polished gentlemen. The plan of battle was arranged — the Mexicans were in strong position; and at three o'clock in the morning General Houston gave the orders to advance towards the enemy, and to reserve their fire, not discharging a single shot until they should have come right front up with the foe, so as to be able to see "the whites of his eyes;" and with this firm set purpose the Texians advanced until they came within pistol range of the enemy's front, when they "let fly," scattering death and dismay throughout his ranks. The Mexicans reeled before the blow, and broke into confusion, the battle becoming sanguinary. The result was victory and independence to the Texian standard, the small band of 750 laying 700 Mexicans dead on the field, and taking 1,500 prisoners, and amongst them Santa Anna. Taken altogether, Mr. St. John's lecture on Texas was most instructive, and would have told much more effectively had it been delivered with less rapidity—a fault perhaps excusable when it is recollected that it was a first essay, and valuable for its matter. A second lecture takes place on Monday, May 11.—*Morning Advertiser*, April 28.

Reviews.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

A very careful, but too condensed abridgment of "Piquillo Alliaga," with several amusing articles, and the editor's "Old St. Paul's," renders this periodical amusing and agreeable.

The Sporting World. No. I.

[Ackerman, Regent-st.]

This is the cheapest and best of the sporting monthlys. It is illustrated and written in a very superior style, and in addition to sports in Cornwall, Ceylon, Arrow Fishing, China, India, &c., gives us some passages in the "Life of Pierre Durand," by Percy B. St. John. This is the biography of a backwoodsman. We shall quote an article or two from this very agreeable periodical, which may be read with interest by all classes.

Hood's Magazine. [H. Hurst].

Opens with "The Inheritance, or the Lost Miniature," by Percy B. St. John, a curious story. To this succeeds "The White Cloud," by the same writer. In addition we have the "Siege of Antioch," "Nell Gwynne," "The Bushranger," "The May Garland," and a highly intellectual and profound classical article on the "Antigone of Sophocles," as represented at Covent Garden Theatre. The author of "Rural Sonnets" continues his "Sonnets for the Times."

United Service Magazine.

Opens with a tribute to the "Army of the Sutledge," and closes with "The Mariner's Lamp," a tale of Scio. This magazine is chiefly to be valued for its excellent historical matter. The varied contents comprise, "Legend of Lampedusa," "Battle of Leipsic," "Emperor Nicolas," "Campaign of 1792," "War of Succession in Portugal," &c. &c.

The Chess Player's Chronicle. [Edited by Staunton.]

This cheap and valuable work is indispensable to the chess player.

The Gatherer.

Early Closing of Shops—£5,000 Fund.—We have been favoured by the secretary to the Metropolitan Drapers Association with a verbatim report of the fourth annual meeting of that society, held in Covent Garden Theatre, on Friday evening, the 27th February, 1846, at which the right hon. Lord Ashley presided. The object for which the Institution has been established, as explained by the report, is the physical improvement, and the moral, intellectual, and religious education of young men engaged in trade, through the medium of an abridgment of the hours of business, and though, as its name imports, it seems originally to have embraced linen drapers only, it now has extended its operations to and includes all branches of trade. No person unacquainted with the constant and unmitigated toil of those employed in shops in the large towns of England, and especially in the metropolis, can form the least notion of the worse than negro slavery to which the young men and women so employed are subjected, but when we reflect that thousands and tens of thousands of those unhappy victims are confined in close, and often ill ventilated rooms, from early in the morning until very late at night, and this nearly all the year round, without any time being allowed them for the cultivation of the mind, or even for that degree of relaxation and exercise necessary for the promotion of health, we think we should omit an important duty if we did not do all in our power to give encouragement to, and extend the publicity of, the existence of an institution formed to remedy so great

an evil, and one so well worthy the attachment and support of the philanthropist. In order to carry out the objects of the society a sum of £5,000 is being raised, first, that a prize may be offered for a brief but forcibly written essay upon the power of the public to effect the desired reform, and next, that the successful prize may be distributed generally as far as the fund will permit. The annual report (which has been made up into a small cheap pamphlet) includes the speeches of the noble Chairman, the right hon. Fox Maule, M.P., Col. Fox, M.P., Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., Rev. R. W. Dibdin, Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., F.S.A., G. Thompson, Esq., and Joseph Payne, Esq.

Misapplication of Quotations.—The misapplication of quotations is clever, and has a capital effect when well done; but Lord Brougham has not exactly that kind of capacity which the thing requires. One of the best hits in this way is made by Tieck, and I have lately seen it appropriated, with interesting complacency, in an English magazine. The author of the "Journey into the Blue Distance," is giving an account of some young ladies, not very beautiful, whom he caught *in mediis rebus*, at their toilet. "They were curling their monstrous heads," says he, "as Shakspeare says of the waves in a storm."—*E. A. Poe.*

"You, Socrates," said Mr. Seth Harris, of Ploughkeepsie, to his coloured fellow the other day, "you, Socrates, have you fed your pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed'um," replied Socrates. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one. Yes, massa, all but one; dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him."

Suitable Professor.—The following anecdote is related of Professor Humphries, of Amherst College, by a New York paper:—One morning before a recitation, some of our students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room, and discovered the new occupant of the chair, he turned on his heel, and coolly observed, "gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

Style of Addison.—The style of Addison was a refinement upon the rugged elliptical styles of his greater predecessors, but it wanted their breadth, manliness, and sincerity, and will not bear comparison with the healthy vigour of De Foe, the muscular energy of Dryden, and the prodigal magnificence of Milton. Addison had the merit of reducing the art of prose to an attainable level, laid out with gracious fields and pleasant walks, but still a flat. It was wonderfully accessible, and popular in proportion; for the grand and the elevated, which are not so easily reached, can never be so generally admired. But no outlay of skill upon the surface can prevent flats from becoming tedious; one longs for a break, or irregularity of some kind, to relieve the monotony. Where the whole landscape lies mapped out on the plain, we see too far in advance to care much about getting to the end of the journey. And this is now felt with Addison. His writings, always attractive at first by their ease and propriety, disappoint us at last by their uniformity. The sameness of the charm wears out its interest, for the most agreeable mannerism must ultimately produce indifference by ceasing to excite expectation.—*Robert Bell.*

Monarchial Despotism, previous to 1688.—If any proofs are required that the English were governed by despotic monarchs, and in fact had no constitution previously to the revolution in 1688, the following instances, in the reign of James I, may place the question beyond the shadow of doubt. In the conference which took place, by order of that monarch, between the House of Commons and the judges, James said, "This conference he commanded as an absolute king, and that all their privileges were derived from his grant, and he hoped they would not turn them against him." Not only were the powers of the crown almost unlimited, but the feudal barons still retained a high position in the state. "A waterman belonging to a man of quality having a squabble with a citizen about his fare, showed his badge (the crest of his master, which was a swan), and insisted on better treatment from the citizen. The other replied carelessly, that he cared not about *that goose*. For this offence he was summoned before the marshal's court, was fined for having defamed the nobleman's crest, by calling the swan a goose, and was in effect reduced to beggary."—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon it.—*Saville.*

"Time is money." So Franklin said. It is very true, and some people take plenty of it to pay their debts.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One farthing's worth of iron may be manufactured into 7659 watch-balance springs, which at 2s. 5d. each, the common price, are worth £946 5s., being 740,280 times the value of the raw material.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN TYPE, "History of Civilization," by W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. We prefer giving extended notices of this important work. F. L. (Bristol) accepted. To F. N., we beg to say that ours is the only translation of Piquillo published; the others are abridgments. "Friar Partridge" will be always welcome.

Published at the "MIRROR" Office, 42, Newgate-street, by T. CROXON.

H. A. Burstall, Printer, 2, Tavistock-street, Strand.